

THE HERALD.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1841.

Having, in our last, that President Tyler had given attention to carry out the peculiar views of Gen. Harrison, we intended to have had reference to the following article, and supposed it was in type when our way was closed up. The error was discovered too late for correction. The propriety of our remarks, taken in connection with the letter of Mr. Cushing, will appear.

POLITICAL OPINIONS OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A letter from the Hon. Caleb Cushing, dated at Washington, 6th inst., is published in the Newburyport Standard of Saturday. Mr. Cushing writes—

"I am quiet the public solicitude, I wish to say, that Tyler has spontaneously assured the members of Congress that he wishes them to continue in office with his full confidence, and that affairs may be settled to go on just as before the death of Gen. Harrison."

It may be expected to hold public meetings expressing the public affliction in the death of Gen. Harrison, and confidence in the Whig principles of Mr. Tyler. There is to be a meeting at Richmond, Va., on Thursday.

The Washington papers of Friday give an account of a meeting alluded to above, and we are indebted for following to the correspondent of the Philadelphia American—

Washington, April 8, 1841. *The Bell Begins to Ring.* Why should we doubt President Tyler? We do not. But the enemy would scatter doubt. He who has been made President by an act of Providence, is that whose hearts are broken by the death of General Harrison, could wish. He will fill the place, satisfy the nation. We understand from the best sources, that he has declared fully his purpose to carry out the true principles of the Government, as set by General Harrison.

A Whig meeting was held this evening at the great hall on Duane street, to express condolences for the death of General Harrison, and to declare full confidence in President Tyler. As no papers were published this morning, the nation was not generally aware. I did not hear of it till after the meeting was over. It was, however, well attended.

General Walter Jones was appointed Chairman, and, I am informed, opened the meeting by stating in substance his most unqualified confidence in President Tyler, as the successor to General Harrison, and as the advocate of Whig principles. He stated, that the President, in repeated conversation, had said, all the most ardent friends of Harrison could wish. He knows that the nation desires, and has given sufficient assurances, that so far as he is concerned, the people who elected General Harrison to the Presidency and himself to the Vice Presidency, will not be disappointed.

A series of pertinent resolutions were adopted at this meeting, reorganizing the mournful event that has bathed a nation in tears, and transferring to President Tyler all that confidence in his principles and purposes which have heretofore been reposed in General Harrison. The communications made by the Chairman and others were more than satisfactory. They were made from authority. I do not think there was one person present, who was not convinced that President Tyler will be found upon the same platform where his predecessor stood, and that he will fully satisfy the people.

If on any great questions he may have heretofore entertained opinions which give concern to some minds, he will never interpose obstacles to the accomplishment of those views which have brot about the recent and great political revolution in our country. Indeed, I am satisfied, that he is convinced, not only that those measures are indispensable to the country, but altogether proper and best. Events have changed men's minds, and modified opinion. No sensible man can withhold the lessons of our sad experience. Even a large portion of the men who have been most prominent before the country as the supporters of those measures that have ruined us, are, I cannot for a moment doubt, convinced in their hearts, that they are wrong, and will be glad to see the reform which the nation has been struggling for. It must be, and will be, and President Tyler, rest assured, will do all he can to accomplish it.

Let him, then, have the confidence of all. He will not disappoint us—no, never.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

GENERAL HARRISON'S LAST LETTER.

On Saturday, a hardy, weather-beaten, but very respectable looking seaman presented himself to the Collector at the Custom-house, and inquiring for Mr. Curtis said—General Harrison told me to give this letter into your own hand. He told me to give his kind respects to Mr. Curtis, and said Mr. Curtis was his friend, and would be my friend. Mr. Curtis opened the letter, and found it to be, from its date, one of the last, if not the very last letter, written by General Harrison. It bears date of the day when his illness commenced. The reader will see, from a perusal of it, that amidst all the cares and troubles of his high position, he was true to the humblest of his old friends. Tucker says the General made him come to the dinner table with the great folks, and when he hesitated and intimated that he had better go home for his dinner, the General said—Tucker, you and I have been shipmates, and a long time together. You are an honest man; come and eat your dinner with me, and come here again to-morrow morning and get your breakfast with me.

Tucker says the General invited him to stay in Washington, and told him he would take care of him, but his wife and children being in New-York, Tucker preferred to return. He says General Harrison followed him into the grounds on the east side of the White House, and then walked with him arm-in-arm; that the General had no hat on, and when Tucker alluded to his liability to take cold, he waived the remark by saying he was already unwell. Having received the letter from the General, Tucker says he followed him to the door and shook him by the hand, saying, "go to my friend Mr. Curtis; and after you have been to him don't forget to write to me, that you and your wife and children are happy again."

Tucker says he had no money to come home by land, but he did not let the General know that, for he knew he would give it to him in a minute, and he did not wish to take money from the good old man who had been so kind to him. And so Tucker went on board the schooner L. L. Sturgis, at Alexandria, and worked his passage home to New York. When he came to the custom-house he had not been ashore thirty minutes, and having just heard the sad news of the death of his kind benefactor as he passed up the Old Slip dock, the abundant tears that fell down his hardy cheeks testified that he is no ungrateful heart.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Curtis immediately appointed Mr. Tucker an inspector of the customs.

Washington, 26th March, 1841.

"Dear Sir—The bearer hereof, Mr. Thomas Tucker, a veteran seaman, came with me from Cartagena, as mate of the brig Montezuma, in the year 1829. In an association of several weeks, I formed a high opinion of his character—so much so that (expressing a desire to leave the sea) I invited him to come to North Beach and spend the remainder of his days with me. Subsequent misfortunes prevented his doing so, as he was desirous to bring some money with him to commence farming operations. His bad fortune still continues, having been several times shipwrecked within a few

years. He says that himself and family are now in such a situation, that the humblest employment would be acceptable to him, and I write this to recommend him to your favorable notice. I am persuaded that no one possesses, in a higher degree, the virtues of fidelity, honesty and indefatigable industry; and I might add, of indomitable bravery, if that was a quality necessary for the kind of employment he seeks.

Yours, very truly,

W. H. HARRISON.

Edward Curtis, Esq., Collector, &c. New-York."

For the Herald.

MOMENTO MORI.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

Home to better worlds, thy natal clime
Thou'rt gone;—beyond the hills of time
Adorned with virtue, truth, and grace,
Thy pure soul sought a more celestial place.
Columbia's daughters deep the loss deplore;
Of him who such transcendent virtues bore:
Next unto God we'll Harrison reverse,
His name to us, most sacred and most dear.

Linmouth, April 20, 1841. E. B. S.

NEW YORK MERCHANTS.—Will the publishers comply with one of three requests—either send us their numbers of \$1 in cash, or give us a reason for refusing.—We have complied with their terms, and now expect them to comply with their own.

ADMONABLE.—Two loco members of the New York Legislature, in taking part in a debate in that body on a question which had been raised concerning the Caroline affair, entirely justified the outrage and moved that Mr. Leod be set at liberty.

How strongly the whole tenor of the conduct of prominent loco partisans look to party interest. If the good-will of the English government can be conciliated by effecting the escape of this notorious individual, without even the form of trial, notwithstanding he is imprisoned on charge of being the leader of a band of midnight assassins and murderers, who have committed the highest crime known to human laws—if this can be accomplished on party grounds, the party accomplishing it may be sure of the future strenuous cooperation of the English government in their political undertakings; and lococoism is just Judas enough to improve such an opportunity for treachery.

RHODE ISLAND held its State election on the 21st.—Whig to the core. O the

Downfall of Whiggery.—The return of the spring elections, in every part of the state, show most conclusively that the days of Whiggery are numbered. Never has a revolution been more complete. The sine of big cabins, hard cider, cow skins, hard times and "change" has had its brief existence, and humbuggery and Whiggery lie prostrate before an indignant people. Even in Old Albany—that strong hold of federalism, where the opposition had 506 majority in 1839, and 531 last fall, they have carried their majority by only EIGHT.—[Saratoga Sentinel & Democratic Champion.]

This puff of the dreadful we clip from one of the lamest ducks in the puddle of lococoism, "Champion" or no champion, and it tells about as straight a story as their champions are in the habit of telling. Had it told the whole truth, when it was about it, we should have been satisfied; but his party would't.

The decreased Whig majority in the Albany charter election was owing to the fact that the Whig candidate was decidedly obnoxious to the run-tuckers and run-sellers of Albany, because he was opposed to an unlimited license system, which would tolerate a drunkenery on every corner of every street in the city. With his party the loco candidate was probably "one of us" as the Irishman said when he saw one of his countrymen swinging on the gallows; consequently the whole mass of bacchanals went for the toddy stick and the loco candidate. "Glory Enough!"

But what will the brawling editor of the 'Champion and Democrat say of the recent charter election in the city of New York, in which his party have LOST ONE THOUSAND VOTES within a year? Any symptoms of the "downfall of Whiggery?"—What's your opinion of the "Registry Law?"

PRESIDENT TYLER is 54 years of age, and is the youngest President we have ever had—so says the Madisonian.

A bitter strife is going on between the publishers of Boston Daily Times and Daily Mail (Boston Notion and Yankee Nation) respecting an alleged unfair advantage taken by the latter of the labors of the former in obtaining a copy of the President's Address by express in advance of the mail. The Notion man says the Nation man had no business to buy a copy of his issue, and from it print an edition to compete with him in the market; the Nation man thinks he has a right to carry the monopolizing spirit in which these bed-blanket sheets were established and shovled upon the public, as far as he pleases and by any means in his power. Such difficulties must be expected to arise between two aspirants who are each endeavoring to out-do, over-reach and over-shadow all creation. The world was made as much for one man as for another, and one man has no moral right to appropriate an undue share of it to himself, to the exclusion and injury of his fellow-men. The most worthless things generally make the greatest fuss, as in this case. The Daily Times, as a medium through which to convey the latest news and the best accounts, together with its merit of containing the soundest political editorials, is worth more than all the mushroom notions, Nations, Jonathans and Jovers in creation.

ROYAL CHARITY.—When Queen Victoria feels disposed to "lend to the Lord" by giving to the poor, she issues an order for a splendid ball, the profits of which are to be appropriated for the relief of some millions of her starving subjects. This is a "royal" way of bestowing charity, but dancing over such a subject is too much like feasting in a grave-yard among coffins and scull bones, to suit our notion.

The Roman Catholics are pushing their ecclesiastical conquests into the ancient dominions of the Prophet, with great success. Near Constantinople whole villages have renounced Mahometanism and embraced the more objectionable dogmas of Roman Catholicism.

Streeter says the most innocent sights in the world, are a baby biting its toe, and a little kitten in active pursuit of its tail. The same genius observes that it is remarkable that very few men always lean backwards when they stand up.

THE "BLUE DEVILS."—It is one of the wickedest, most unchristian species of petty despotism and wanton ugliness, in the world to persecute a poor fellow when he is enduring a severe acquaintance with that old pest of mankind called "the Horrors." When, from some inexplicable cause, a mountain's weight is pressing down the animal energies and almost stagnating the blood in their channels—when imagination is quickened into the wildest and most painful activity, and involuntarily conjures up the belief that he is pursued by a legion of little invisible Beelzebubs, driving one half of him mad with distraction, chilling the other half into a state of stupid indifference and despondency—when every thing inside and outside an invisible, existent and imaginary is exactly as it should not be—all creation wrong side to, inside out, hind side 'fore and 'toller end foremost—I say, to catch a poor luckless, witless wight in such a predicament as this and take him to task with a homily on the "government of the temper," or an essay 'on the folly of harboring imaginary troubles,' &c. &c. or assailing his conscious folly with the cutting sallies of sarcasm—turning all his terrific apparitions into boisterous merriment for a company of sorrowless volatiles, is a sin for which the perpetrator ought to be confined in the stocks at the junction of four roads and have a nest of mad hornets thrown upon him.

The common persecution of a hapless monomaniac, to say nothing of its cruelty, is absolutely useless; for who ever knew one to be prematurely joked out of his pains, or to be relieved of them before the fit had reached its crisis and worked itself off in the natural way, unless in those cases where it can be assigned to some specific cause; and in that case, the cause must be removed, not dabbed over with jokes or argued upon with ironic severity. You might as well adopt such a course to persuade a man to be happy with a tooth ache, or to keep his heart and lungs in motion when the principle of life had become extinct. It is a state of the "finer man," [either mentally, physically, or both unitedly] over which he posesses no control, and violence produces the same effect upon it that it does upon a cat-bile, and ridicule is just as improper as to mock a cross dog, point and thrust at an ill-natured horse or coax a perverse child—makes matters worse and worse.

As regards the philosophy of "the Horrors," they are ascribable to two causes—one, constitutional defection, entailed in hereditary descent from one generation to another, from which, at intervals, arise the most painful cogitations and gloomy forebodings of evil to come, and this, too, without any palpable cause for the existence of such apprehensions. The sufferer himself is as well convinced of the folly of such indulgence as the sagest of his councillors or most unmerciful of his persecutors can be, but, like a fit of the night-mare, it holds him entranced beyond his power of resistance.

Leaving out the circumstance that bodily disease is often temporarily productive of similar consequences, we find the other general cause is, the actual presence of a degree of evil, and from which a too officious imagination argues the probability of greater and still more afflictive accessions. A man of energy and ambition, embarrassed in his circumstances by unavoidable casualties, or made the dupe of some cut-throat villain, or disappointed in the fulfillment of obligations due from others, upon the reverse of which he had predicated reasonable hopes of success in business, if he does not possess a mental constitution as sluggish and listless as that of a genuine Dutchman, will be the prey of wasting despondency and dejection of spirits. A consciousness of his loss, added to the knowledge that it was produced by the undeserved wrongs inflicted by others, continues to haunt and harass his imagination; without the relief of a single ray of hope of bettering his condition. If not healed by some fortunate event, the physical system, by sympathy with the mental, often becomes deranged, laying the foundation of incurable insanity or mortal disease.

Yet after all this unaccountable intellectual weakness, men of this stamp who are invariably of an impetuous, sanguine temperament are of the greatest value to society and the world. They are the projectors and accomplisners of the most mighty undertakings—the pioneers in every difficult enterprise—the distinguished proficient in arts and sciences, and in them is displayed that indomitable energy of character so universally admired. A cold, phlegmatic temperament, which leaves a man free to remain as indifferent to outward circumstances as a statue—one in whom not enough of animal spirit is present to keep the blood from stagnating in his veins—who would feel as composed on an ant-hill as on a bed of roses—who would enjoy more satisfaction in lazily basking in the sun like an alligator than in the active or laborious pursuits of business or enterprise,—such a man is a mere cypher in creation, intended only to fill up a clink in the grand scale of gradation, which Nature was at a loss how otherwise to appropriate—with no disposition to do hurt or ability to do good.

These are the two extremes of character, to-be-sure—the torrid and frigid zones—and probably the most desirable location would be mid-way between them; but still we contend, that to the excessively sanguine belong the credit of the greatest achievements. With them is all exertion or all listlessness, whichever fit is upon them. When in exertion, a mountain of difficulty will be dug away before the relapse takes place; whereas one of the opposite temperament would die and rot on the ground before any considerable progress had been made. Therefore, don't persecute a person given to the *Hypo*, as it is nicknamed—don't pester him. When fairly over his periodical turn, he will be worth more than a dozen of his tormentors for any task or spot you can assign him. Help him out of his difficulties by needful assistance, if you can consistently,—set him upon his legs once more, and he will drive forward his suspended machinery with an extra velocity sufficient to redeem all lost time,—help, or let him alone—BUT DON'T PERSECUTE HIM.

FIRE AT NORTH BEND. Our latest accounts are, that the destruction was not so extensive as was at first supposed. Only a portion of the edifice, and no furniture, was consumed. The first report was started by a steamboat captain, who stated what he saw (that the building was on fire,) and guessed the rest (that it was consumed.)

A senator in Pennsylvania, recently expressed his determination to go "soul, body, and breeches," for a certain measure.

A correspondent has favored us with the following. There are some good lines in it, and some bad ones. We give it—claff, whine and all, together, on the presumption that it is original.

For the Herald.

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight,
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a Seraph's choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affections tale upon the cheek,
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath pressed,
And none hath ever pressed before,
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—thine only pressed it more.

There is a bosom, all my own,
Hath pulsed off this aching head,—
A mouth that smiles on me alone,—
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In union so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must leave or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—part! ah no,
They cannot part those souls are one.

April 26th, 1841. A. M. R.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

Why don't he come? He promised me
He surely would be here;
And pa and ma are out at tea,
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say?
When last he leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to stay—
I wonder how I look!

Oh! why I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks! what then?
I'll certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last,
But first I'll answer no!
For many a girl by hurrying fast,
Outstrips her tardy beau!

Oh! here he comes—his step I hear—
And now he'll soon begin;
I would not for the world appear
In haste to let him in.

In addition to what is given on our first page respecting the execution of this individual, we copy the following, which probably will be the last, unless his narrative to the jailer (mentioned below) should contain something of importance.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

EXECUTION OF PETER ROBINSON.

Mr. Editor—After I mailed my last letter to you at New Brunswick on Thursday, I repaired to the prisoner's cell, and found 4 persons employed in taking his bust for photographic purposes. This occupied from 12 until 1:12 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time his wife came in, and remained about an hour. At 7 P. M. I again visited the cell. After conversing some time several prayers were offered, and appropriate hymns sung, during which time he manifested deep feeling and wept bitterly. His whole frame seemed convulsed. About 9 o'clock I addressed him on the propriety of now making it known if there were other crimes of which he was guilty, or if he had any ill will to the persons who prosecuted or to the officers who have to execute the penalty of violated law. He said there was nothing concealed; that he had given the Jailor as correct a history of his life as he could recollect; that he had no accomplice in his crime. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence; that he was where he ought to be, and that so far from having any ill will to the officers of justice he loved them; remarking that some one must do it; that he had no ill will to any human being. After singing and prayer, it being now 10:12 o'clock, the people present withdrew.

At this time the Sheriff told me that in order to prevent any accident he proposed to perform his sad duty at the earliest hour in the morning prescribed in the sentence, and as privately as possible; that nothing must be spoken after the prisoner was taken from the cell until after the execution. He then communicated the same to the prisoner, who said—"you may use your discretion. I wish this was the hour; I hope the Lord has pardoned my sins, I am ready to meet my doom."

After the Sheriff withdrew, his wife came to take leave and it was an affecting scene. He exhorted her to devote herself to God and to train up their child in his fear. He also prayed feelingly for his father and brothers, and himself. After some further devotional exercises, he was left alone for the night. I found him still composed at 5 o'clock in the morning, (Friday.) He said he had been thinking how he could meet the innocent man he had murdered. "If I could," he exclaimed, "only restore him again to the bosom of his family, I should be glad to die any kind of death." Upon being told that they would meet with very different feelings than when they last met, he said, "I suppose so."

Other friends came in, including Dr. Howe of the Dutch Church, and the remainder of the morning was spent in devotional exercises until the final hour. At about 20 minutes after 10 o'clock he was taken to the gallows in the high enclosure in front of the prison, about 50 persons only being present, including the Mayor, (Judge Vail,) the Attorney General, &c. Unhappily the noose slipped as he was run up, and he fell stunned upon the platform. On coming too, he exclaimed in a feeble tone "Lord have mercy;" and in about 6 minutes more the solemn scene was over; the sentence of the law was fully satisfied. There was a great crowd outside of the enclosure, but the wise precaution of the officers effectually carried out the law and prevented a pogrom.

As contradictory representations of the prisoner's conduct, during the last day or two, have been published, I have deemed this brief narrative of facts, shewing that he at last professed repentance and confessed the justice of his doom, due to humanity and truth.

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK FILCH.

Newark, Saturday, April 17th.

The United States Bank of 1816. By reference to the journals of Congress it will be seen that the bill chartering the Bank of 1816 passed the house by a vote of 80 to 71.

Of these who voted for the Bank, 67 were of the old Republican party, and 13 of the old Federal party; while of those who voted against the Bank, 34 were Republicans and 37 Federalists.

The same Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 22 to 12. Of the yeas of this vote, 17 were Republicans and 5 Federalists, and of the nays, 5 were Republicans and 7 Federalists. So that two thirds of all the Republican members of Congress voted to pass the bank

charter, and two thirds of the Federalists did their best to defeat it. James Madison signed the bill of 1816, and did George Washington that of 1791—and yet it is pretended that the Bank was a Federal instrument.

FOREIGN.

From the Boston Daily Times.

Arrival of the Columbia.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The War Panic! Effect in England of the News by the Britannia—Great Excitement at the non-arrival of the steamer President—Daring robbery at Windsor Castle—Chartist Movements—Parliamentary News—France: the Fortification Bill—Warlike Threat of France—Anarchical Movement in Marseilles—Affairs of the East—Difficulties in the Turco-Egyptian Question—General European News, &c. &c.

The steamer Columbia, Capt. Jenkins, arrived at her moorings in Boston harbor, on Monday evening, the 19th inst., at 7:12 o'clock, P. M. She left Liverpool on the 4th, and has made her passage in 15 days, which, considering the season of the year, may be deemed a very rapid run.

By the arrival of the mail steamer Columbia, we are in possession of our usual files of London and Liverpool papers, the magazines of the month, and letters from our foreign correspondents.

We find in our papers no news of great importance, in fact the press of England appear to have been discussing, for a long time, the M'Leod question with a great deal of ardor.

The arrival of the packet ship Patrick Henry, General Harrison's address, and the arrival of the steamer Britannia, with despatches for the British Government, tended to allay a most feverish excitement which had prevailed in all classes, and our last advice show a much better feeling towards this country, as a rapid advance in the money markets.

From the following it will be seen that the Great Western was not to sail till the 8th, and likewise that it was at first ordered to call at Halifax, from fear of difficulties arising between this country and England. It is extracted from the Liverpool Mail of the 3d.

Steamship Great Western. The public will observe on reference to our advertising columns, that the directors have altered the day of sailing of the ship from the 3d to the 8th of the present month. The intention of calling at Halifax is also relinquished, in consequence of the peaceable advices recently received from the United States.

The President. This steamship which seems destined, every trip she makes, to painfully keep alive public anxiety respecting her safety, has not yet made her appearance. The New York packet ship, Virginia, which sailed on the 14th ult., three days after the President, arrived yesterday. The steamer has on board important despatches from our Minister at Washington, and her arrival must be as anxiously looked for by the Government as it is by the people.—Liverpool Chronicle, 3d ult.

Mr Orr one of the engineers on board the Columbia, informs us that it was supposed in England that she had either encountered an iceberg, or that she had gone into the Western Islands for coals. The greatest anxiety prevailed in England at the time of the departure of the Columbia, at the non-arrival of the President, fearful anticipations were entertained that she had met with some serious accident.

The Britannia arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday the 31st ult., in 15 days from this port.

The packet ship Patrick Henry, Captain Delano, arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday, after a remarkably rapid passage of 15 days and 10 hours. She left Boston on the 8th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. and took a pilot off Liverpool on the morning of the 24th, at 5 A. M.

The Times of the 2nd inst. says, "Government received despatches from Mr Fox by the same steamer which brought our letters and papers, and these despatches leave no doubt of an amicable and immediate settlement between the United States and Great Britain as far as regards the question of M'Leod. Mr Fox had received a communication to that effect from the American Government couched in the most conciliatory language. We think the public mind may be at rest on that point."

In its monied article of the same date, it says: "In the absence of definite facts as to the progress of the affair of M'Leod, great attention was paid in the coffee-houses and all the resorts of the city gossip, to the tone of the intelligence, to elicit as much as possible the disposition of the American nation. In their interpretation all seemed to agree and be of opinion that the angry feelings which were at first a cause for apprehension, had greatly, if not completely subsided, and the belief in the maintenance of peace seemed generally to prevail."

"The quotation of Consols shows the decided action which the news had on the price of public securities. The advance was 1-2 per cent, which was maintained throughout the day, the only fluctuation being that there were sometimes buyers and sometimes sellers at the advanced quotations, while the firmness of the market was sustained by the frequent purchasers, chiefly of a speculative character."

The Morning Chronicle of the same date says, "The news from the United States, by the Britannia steamer, may be looked upon in two fold character—political and commercial. In regard to the first, the contents are considered very favorable, and the best evidence of that, is that the funds have risen in consequence, 1-2 per cent. The only points considered to be at issue now, are the time and manner of M'Leod's liberation, for all fears for his safety, or indeed conviction, are at an end."

"The commercial intelligence from America is not so gratifying as the political. The Money Market was very much depressed; capitalists represented as desirous to limit their liabilities, and the masses as exhibiting an inclination to hoard. It must be kept in view, however, that when the Britannia sailed, the Americans were not aware that the bills drawn up on the three London houses, by the Bank of the U. S., had been accepted—we may reasonably look for some revival of confidence and appearance of better things when this shall have become known."

The Morning Herald of the same date says, "A marked improvement in the funds may be noticed to-day, mainly attributed to the favorable sense in which the absence of adverse political intelligence from the United States, rather than the receipt of any thing positively satisfactory, has been viewed in that city."

The Globe (ministerial paper) holds nearly the same language. "The contents of the American papers are singularly vague—all that can be said is, that in the absence of any definite communications, things are satisfactory, as they tend to show the return to moderate feelings by the Americans. Even in the state of New York, they begin to speak of the affair of the Columbia, and the proceedings instituted against M'Leod, with calmness and common sense."

An extraordinary excitement appears to have prevailed previous to the arrival of the Britannia, but it will be seen by these extracts from the leading London papers, that this panic had ceased immediately after the news had become known.

The Patrick Henry arrived at Liverpool on the 26th ult., with Gen. Harrison's inaugural address. The London Globe thus speaks of the effect of the address: "The inaugural address of the new President is considered decidedly pacific. No new fact connected with the disputes, is recorded, but it was generally believed in America that M'Leod would be given up, and that